

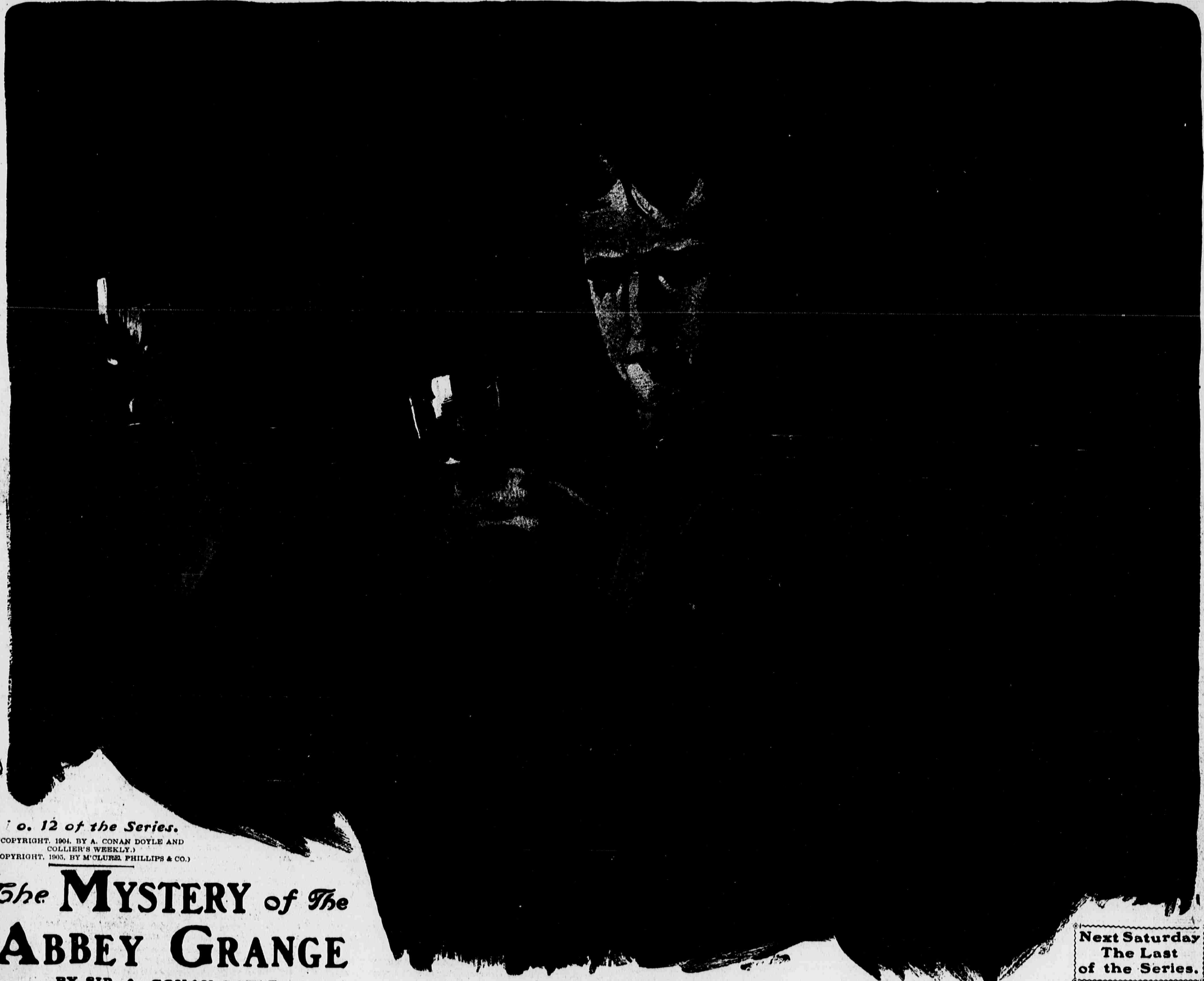
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The EVENING EDITION World.

FICTION SUPPLEMENT, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29 1905.
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The New
Sherlock Holmes
Adventures.

THE RETURN of SHERLOCK HOLMES



No. 12 of the Series.
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The MYSTERY of The ABBEY GRANGE BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

Next Saturday
The Last
of the Series.



IT was on a bitterly cold and frosty morning toward the end of the winter of '97 that I was awakened by a tugging at my shoulder. It was Holmes. The candle in his hand shone upon his eager, stooping face and told me at a glance that something was amiss.

"Come, Watson; come!" he cried. "The game is afoot. Not a word! Into your clothes and come!"

Ten minutes later we were both in a cab and rattling through the silent streets on our way to Charing Cross Station. The first faint winter's dawn was beginning to appear and we could dimly see the occasional figure of an early workman as he passed us, blurred and indistinct in the opalescent London reek. Holmes nestled in silence into his heavy coat, and I was glad to do the same, for the air was most bitter and neither of us had broken our fast.

It was not until we had consumed some hot tea at the station and taken our places

in the Kentish train that we were sufficiently thawed, he to speak and I to listen. Holmes drew a note from his pocket and read it aloud:

Abbey Grange, Marsham, Kent, 3.30 A. M.

My Dear Mr. Holmes: I should be very glad of your immediate assistance in what promises to be a most remarkable case. It is something quite in your line. Except for releasing the lady I will see that everything is kept exactly as I have found it, but I beg of you not to lose an instant, as it is difficult to leave Sir Eustace there.

Yours faithfully,
STANLEY HOPKINS.

"Hopkins has called me in seven times, and on each occasion his summons has been entirely justified," said Holmes. "I fancy that every one of his cases has found its way into your collection, and I must admit, Watson, that you have some power of selection, which atones for much which I deplore in your narratives. Your fatal habit of looking at everything from the point of view of a story instead of as a scientific exercise has ruined what might have been an instructive and even classical series of demonstrations. You slur over work of the utmost finesse and dexterity in order to dwell upon sensational details which may excite but cannot possibly instruct the reader."

"Why do you not write them yourself?" I said, with some bitterness.

"I will, my dear Watson; I will. At present I am, as you know, fairly busy, but I propose to devote my declining years to the composition of a text-book which shall focus the whole art of detection into one volume. Our present research appears to be a case of murder."

"You think this Sir Eustace is dead, then?"

"I should say so. Hopkins's writing shows considerable agitation, and he is not an emotional man. Yes, I gather there has been violence and that the body is left for our inspection. A mere suicide would not have caused him to send for me. As to the release of the lady, it would appear that she has been locked in her room during the tragedy. We are moving in high life, Watson, crackling paper, 'E. B.' monogram, coat-of-arms, picturesque address. I think that friend Hopkins will live up to his reputation and that we shall have an interesting morning. The crime was committed before 12 last night."

"How can you possibly tell?"

"By an inspection of the trains and by reckoning the time. The local police had to be called in; they had to communicate with Scotland Yard; Hopkins had to go